



THE GATEHOUSE OF ST. JAMES'S PARK
DESIGNED BY THOMAS ROWLANDSON
AND ENGRAVED BY H. ROWLANDSON
SCULPTOR TO HIS MAJESTY

Gems From the Poets



Illustrated.

LONDON:

CHARLES GRIFFIN AND COMPANY

GEMS
FROM THE POETS

ILLUSTRATED

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY F. A. LYDON

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The *Poets*, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."
WORDSWORTH.

LONDON
CHARLES GRIFFIN AND COMPANY
STATIONERS' HALL COURT

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The Son of the Mountain
Over a mountain and a valley of the future.

FROM CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight:
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land—Good Night!

“A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page!
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,
Or tremble at the gale?
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along.”

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
 I fear not wave nor wind;
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
 Am sorrowful in mind;
 For I have from my father gone,
 A mother whom I love,
 And have no friend, save these alone,
 But thee—and one above.

'My father bless'd me fervently,
 Yet did not much complain;
 But sorely will my mother sigh
 Till I come back again.'—
 "Enough, enough, my little lad!
 Such tears become thine eye;
 If I thy guileless bosom had,
 Mine own would not be dry.

"Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,
 Why dost thou look so pale?
 Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
 Or shiver at the gale?"—
 'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
 But thinking on an absent wife
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
 Along the bordering lake,
 And when they on their father call,
 What answer shall she make?'—
 "Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
 Thy grief let none gainsay;
 But I, who am of lighter mood,
 Will laugh to flee away.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

“For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o’er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

“And now I’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He’d tear me where he stands.

“With thee, my bark, I’ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!
My native Land—Good Night!”

BYRON.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
Hail, king of the wild, whom nature hath borne
O’er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,
The joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o’er thee!

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature! even hush'd in repose,
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunters afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war,
Thou ship of the wilderness, pass on the wind,
And leave the dark ocean of mountains behind!

For, child of the desert, fit quarry art thou,
See, the hunter is come, with a crown on his brow,
By princes attended with arrow and spear,
In their white tented camp, for the warfare of deer,
On the brink of the rock, lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day!

Hark! his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
And nature's fierce child in the wilderness dies!
Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!
Which still the rude bard in his solitude sings,
Oh! reign of magnificence! vanished for ever,
Like music dried up in the bed of the river!

WILSON.

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there,
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,



The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few;
Our only use for knowledge then

To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul!

When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,

And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
Little I thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 't was time;—in youth's sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring;
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,—

Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope

For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,

When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter heart could bound along,

Or pant to be a wanderer more!

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
Oh! I should have full many a tale
To tell of young Azorian maids.
Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camocens' harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.



Winter scene in the Adirondacks
The snow-covered hills and the
frozen stream in the foreground
are typical of the region.

Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
 And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
 Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
 Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
 'Tis time to bid my dream farewell:
 Eight bells:—the middle watch is set;
 Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
 That, far beyond the western sea
 Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

MOORE.

 WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN winter winds are piercing chill,
 And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
 With solemn feet I tread the hill
 That over-brows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
 Through the long reach of desert woods,
 The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
 And gladden these deep solitudes.

On the gray maple's crusted bark,
 Its tender shoots the hoar-frost nips;
 Whilst in the frozen fountain—hark!—
 His piercing beak the bittern dips.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,—
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
Pour out their river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay;
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods, within your crowd;
And gathered winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs, and wintry winds, my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

LONGFELLOW.



THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WYNDLE, LANCASHIRE.
 THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, WYNDLE, LANCASHIRE.

ELEGY
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world—to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead—but to the grave.



Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
 Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood;

The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide;
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame;
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.



Pull in a gem of forest ray scene.
The illustration is of a scene in the

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:--

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."



at the time of a severe storm, the water
of the stream was so high
that it was impossible to cross it.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his father and his God.

GRAY.

GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place, where human harvests grow!

LONGFELLOW.



Still to the vale the village-leaves are red,
 And the tall the justs resumed.

HUMAN LIFE.

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky;
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby.
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound:
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
“'T was on these knees he sat so oft and smiled.”

And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
 Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
 Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
 And violets scattered round; and old and young,
 In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
 Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
 While, her dark eyes declining, by his side
 Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,
 Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
 When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
 And weepings heard where only joy has been;
 When by his children borne, and from his door
 Slowly departing to return no more,
 He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life; so gliding on,
 It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
 Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
 As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change
 As any that the wandering tribes require,
 Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire;
 As any sung of old in hall or bower
 To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

ROGERS.



CANST THOU FORGET?

CANST thou forget, beloved, our first awaking
From out the shadowy calms of doubts and dreams,
To know Love's perfect sunlight round us breaking,
Bathing our beings in its gorgeous gleams—
Canst thou forget?

A sky of rose and gold was o'er us glowing,
Around us was the morning breath of May;
Then met our soul-tides, thence together flowing,
Then kissed our thought-waves, mingling on their way:
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when first thy loving fingers
Laid gently back the locks upon my brow?
Ah, to my woman's thought that touch still lingers,
And softly glides along my forehead now!
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget when every twilight tender,
Mid dews and sweets, beheld our slow steps rove,
And when the nights, which come in starry splendour,
Seemed dim and pallid to our heaven of love?
Canst thou forget?

CANST THOU FORGET.

Canst thou forget the child-like heart-outpouring
Of her whose fond faith knew no faltering fears?
The lashes drooped to veil her eyes' adoring,
Her speaking silence, and her blissful tears?
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget the last most mournful meeting,
The trembling form clasped to thine anguished breast;
The heart against thine own, now wildly beating,
Now fluttering faint, grief-wrung, and fear-oppress'd—
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, though all Love's spells be broken,
The wild farewell, which rent our souls apart?
And that last gift, Affection's holiest token,
The severed tress, which lay upon thy heart—
Canst thou forget?

Canst thou forget, belov'd one—comes there never
The angel of sweet visions to thy rest?
Brings she not back the fond hopes fled for ever,
While one lost name thrills through thy throbbing breast?—
Canst thou forget?

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE GREAT OAK, N. H.



TO THE WATER LILY.

On! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculptur'd-like and stately river queen!
Crowning the depths as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell.

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower!

TO THE WATER LILY.

Oh! love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Midst life's dark sea.

And Faith—oh! is not faith
Like thee, too, lily? springing into light,
Still buoyantly, above the billows' might,
Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something, yet more divine
Than the clear pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.

MRS. HEMANS.



The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 belated and friends soot out, the housemate's
 and the valiant five-paw, enclosed

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The steed and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Carves his white bastions, with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn,
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall;
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

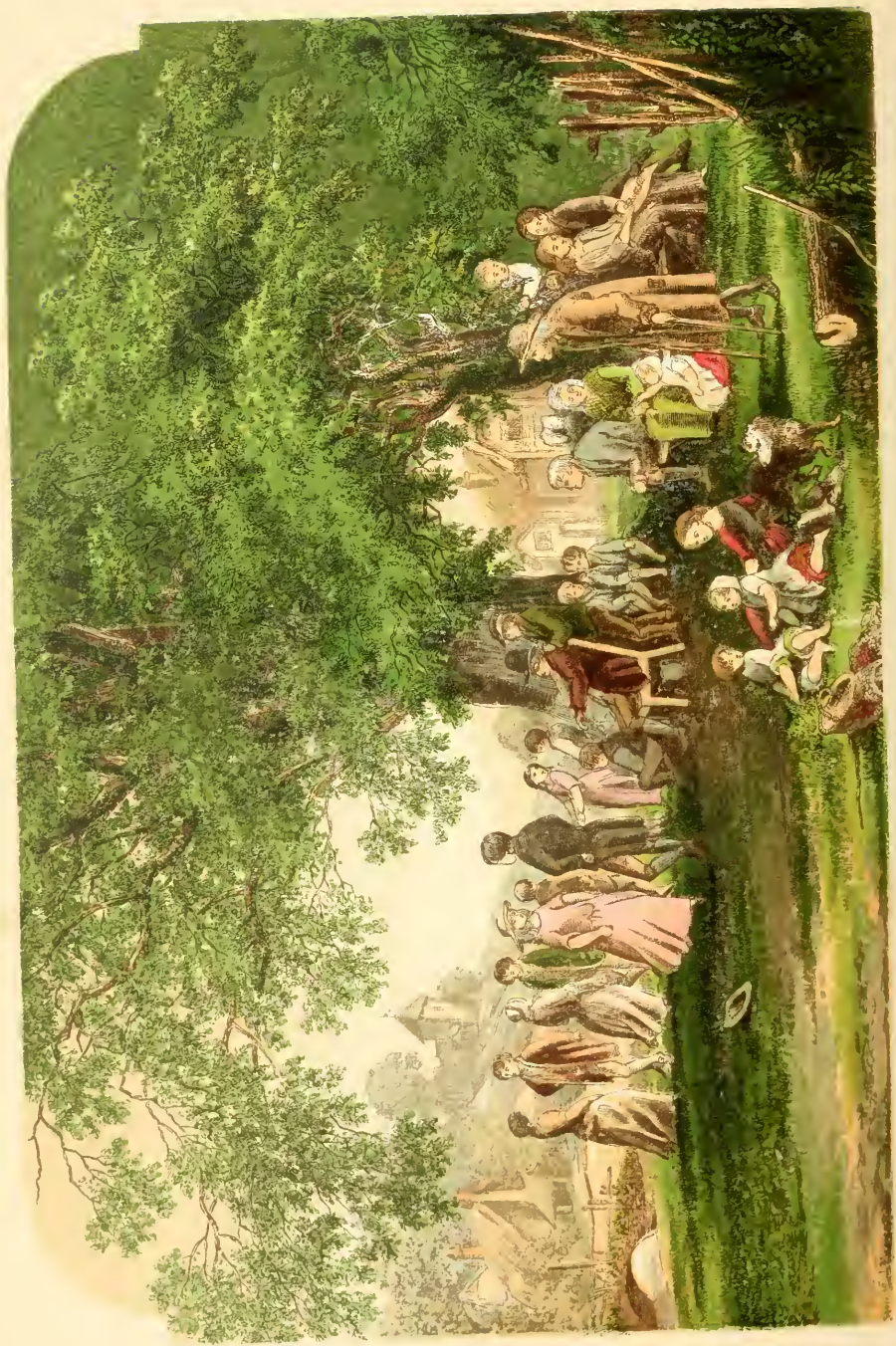
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

EMERSON.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

THE night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now, at noon,
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tower
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.

COWPER.



THE VILLAGE SCHOOL, 1840.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village-train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:



F. LA DOR

And the old man, with a yea or nay,
 And the old woman, with a yea or nay.

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
 How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease;

Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
 And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way—
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
 All but *you* widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron—forc'd in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild—

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear;
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
 Unpractic'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood: at his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service pass'd, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew:
 Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd around—



if to some common's fenceless limits stray?
He drives his flocks to pick the sandy soil.

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose—
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay—
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks! nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train—
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art,
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway—
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd;
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain—
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around;
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
 His seat where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies:
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure—all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,



Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shades with art the triumph of her eyes—
 But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail—
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd—
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band—
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flocks to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe:
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There, the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There, the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
 Sure these denote one universal joy?
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd—
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
 Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn! thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day—
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around—
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they—
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene;
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last—
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main—
 And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
 Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,

Downward they move—a melancholy band—
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there—
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
 Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so—
 Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well.
 Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Tornea's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime.
 Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
 Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GOLDSMITH.



TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lovest to gild the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh, Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Sec'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green:
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene:
The flowers sprung wanton to be press'd,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

SONNET.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS.

SONNET.

WHEN last I roved these winding wood walks green;
 Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
 Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
 Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
 No more I hear her footsteps in the shade;
 Her image only in these pleasant ways
 Meets me self-wandering, where, in happier days,
 I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.
 I pass'd the little cottage which she loved,
 The cottage which did once my all contain;
 It spake of days which ne'er must come again;
 Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
 "Now fair befall thee, gentle maid!" said I
 And from the cottage turn'd me with a sigh.

LAMB.



AFTER LEAVING ITALY.

FAIR LAND! Thee all men greet with joy; how few,
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame:
I could not, while from Venice we withdrew,
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view
Within its depths, and to the shore we came
Of Lago Morto, dreary sight and name,
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw.
Italia! on the surface of thy spirit,
(Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep?—
Be its depths quickened; what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil; awake,
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep!

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue
Spake bitter words; words that did ill agree
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight
How beautiful! how worthy to be sung
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight!
I feign not; witness that unwelcome shock
That followed the first sound of German speech,
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among.
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock
Parting; the casual word had power to reach
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong.

WORDSWORTH.

THE RIVULET.

THIS little rill, that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
When woods in early green were drest,
And from the chambers of the west
The warmer breezes, travelling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.



Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
 The tall old maples, verdant still,
 Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
 How swift the years have pass'd away,
 Since first, a child, and half afraid,
 I wandered in the forest shade.
 Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
 Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
 And sporting with the sands that pave
 The windings of thy silver wave,
 And dancing to thy own wild chime,
 Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
 The same sweet sounds are in my ear
 My early childhood loved to hear;
 As pure thy limpid waters run,
 As bright they sparkle to the sun;
 As fresh and thick the bending ranks
 Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
 The violet there, in soft May dew,
 Comes up, as modest and as blue;
 As green amidst thy current's stress,
 Floats the scarce-rooted watercress;
 And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
 Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not: but I am changed,
 Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged;
 And the grave stranger, come to see
 The play-place of his infancy,
 Has scarce a single trace of him
 Who sported once upon thy brim.
 The visions of my youth are passed—
 Too bright, too beautiful to last.
 I've tried the world—it wears no more
 The colouring of romance it wore.

Yet well has Nature kept the truth
 She promised to my earliest youth.
 The radiant beauty, shed abroad
 On all the glorious works of God,
 Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
 Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
 And I, all trembling, weak, and grey,
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
 My ashes in the embracing mould
 (If haply the dark will of fate
 Prolong my life to such a date,)
 May come for the last time to look
 Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream;
 And faintly on my ear shall fall
 Thy prattling current's merry call;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou mett'st my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shall pass;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shall mock the fading race of men.

BRYANT.



FROM THE
LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses grey,
Seem'd to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door,

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone.
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower;
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green,
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean.
There, shelter'd wanderers, by the blaze,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to open his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath;
When throstle's sung in Hairhead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,
And flourished, broad, Blackandra's oak,
The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

SCOTT.



L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,

Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as you go
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew
 To live with her, and live with thee
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking not unseen
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight,



While the ploughman near at hand
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 While the landscape round it measures,
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.
 Sometimes with secure delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,

Till the live-long daylight fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat,
 She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by friar's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
 That ten day-labourers could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights, and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace, whom all commend.
 There let Hymen soft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask and antique pageantry,
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves, by haunted stream.
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.

II. PENSEROSO.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

II. PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou Goddess, pure and holy,
 Hail, divinest Melancholy,
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended:
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she, in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain:
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till



With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
 Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heavens' wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato to unfold
 What worlds, or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind, that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes, as warbled to the string
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,



Interior of the Cathedral of St. Peter, Rome.

On which the Tartar king did ride:
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves.
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at its wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloisters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light;
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew;
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will chose to live.

MILTON.



WOLVES IN WINTER.

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenines, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
E'en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

THOMSON.

THE SHIPWRECK.

BUT, lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn:
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All nature, smiling, hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning day—
All but our ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid, adored, resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Elissa dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight;
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:



But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
 Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.

* * * * *

But now Athenian mountains they descry,
 And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high;
 Where marble columns, long by time defaced,
 Moss-cover'd on the lofty Cape are placed:
 There rear'd by fair devotion to sustain,
 In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane;
 The circling beach in murderous form appears,
 Decisive goal of all their hopes and fears:
 The seamen now in wild amazement see
 The scene of ruin rise beneath their lee;
 Swift from their minds elapsed all dangers past,
 As dumb with terror they behold the last.
 And now, while winged with ruin from on high,
 Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
 A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
 Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
 Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
 Touch'd with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
 And, while around his sad companions crowd,
 He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud:
 "Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend!" he cries;
 "Thy only succour on the mast relies."
 The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
 Now scarce subdued the wild unbridled course;
 Quick to the abandon'd wheel Arion came,
 The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim:
 The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
 Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly;

Fate spurs her on!—Thus issuing from afar,
 Advances to the sun some blazing star,
 And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
 Springs onward with accelerated course.

The moment fraught with fate approaches fast!
 While thronging sailors climb each quivering mast,
 The ship no longer now must stem the land,
 And, Hard a starboard! is the last command:
 While every suppliant voice to Heaven applies,
 The prow, swift wheeling, to the westward flies;
 Twelve sailors, on the fore-mast, who depend,
 High on the platform of the top ascend—
 Fatal retreat! for, while the plunging prow
 Immerses headlong in the wave below,
 Down prest by watery weight the bowsprit bends,
 And from above the stem deep-crashing rends:
 Beneath her bow the floating ruins lie;
 The fore-mast totters, unsustain'd on high;
 And now the ship, forelifted by the sea,
 Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
 While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
 Drags the main top-mast by the cap away:
 Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain,
 Through hostile floods, their vessel to regain;
 Weak hope, alas! they buffet long the wave,
 And grasp at life though sinking in the grave;
 Till all exhausted, and bereft of strength,
 O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length;
 The burying waters close around their head—
 They sink! for ever number'd with the dead.

FALCONER.



DOMESTIC LOVE.

DOMESTIC LOVE! not in proud palace halls
Is often seen thy beauty to abide;
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thickets of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed;
And many a bird to warble on the wing
When Morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

O! love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their father's knee;
And thine the voice, that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine; and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume!

CROLY.

FROM
THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

HARK! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 't was there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn,
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

CAMPBELL.



WOMAN.

GONE from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale,—but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh;—
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart;
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BARRY CORNWALL.

MELODIES OF MORN.

(VIGNETTE.)

BUT who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks a-field; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tower.

BEATTIE.

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